The Town Crier

VOL. 2, NO. 26 : OCT. 18, 1934 : TEN CENTS

A STATEMENT

With this issue the Town Crier ceases to be.

Next week appears Controversy, the weekly news-magazine of Carmel.

Possessing a purpose, but without a policy, Controversy will make a bold and persistent attempt to do successfully these things:

Give to Carmel and surrounding communities a fearless, frank and candid newspaper, faithfully collecting and as faithfully presenting events in the lives, careers and histories of persons, places and things.

Give to Carmel faithful and fearless interpretations of these events as they apply to the present and as they may bear on the future, and to do this with utmost regard to the responsibility this involves.

Unlimitingly to widen the scope of opinions until they reach out to the broader and perhaps more vital questions of social, political and economic life, not alone in the community in which we happen to live, but beyond its borders in the wide-spread spaces of the nation, farther beyond to the far-flung expanses of the world wherever two or three are gathered together in the exemplification of human fellowship.

There never was a time in the history of civilization when the best fruits of the mind of man were more needed in the public forum. God may be in his heaven, but all is precisely not right with the world. As editor of Controversy I shall say without restraint what I think of the progress of events in Carmel, in the state, in the nation, and throughout the world. Those associated with me will speak as fully and as unrestrained. You, whose news-magazine Controversy aims to be, will be asked to do likewise in its columns, and in addition we shall try to bring to you the thoughts and the convictions of many far beyond our borders whose experiences in life lift them to a high station of authority.

Definitely there will be no bridling of your opinions or of theirs. Radical and conservative—all shall know us as a medium of expression. As you may not agree with us, we may not agree with you, and in our columns will be granted you the privilege of damning us, if you will, as we will undoubtedly damn you, if we see the need.

Controversy aims to be worthy of the the mental activity which marks the community in which it is published, worthy to be the challenger in the crying need of the time, worthy to meet issues as they arise—present them, understand them, interpret them and, as the occasion requires, battle them or uphold them.

This, then, is to be our lively experiment. We may stand or we may fall but, victor or vanquished, we shall keep the faith.

—W. K. Bassett

VOLUME II **THE TOWN CRIER** NUMBER 26
[FORMERLY THE VILLAGER]
Established
March 1933

CONTENTS

October 18, 1934

The Fate of the Forest Theater 3
Poetry 4
Don't Be Afraid of Upton Sinclair 5
Mileage 3,709 6
Twaddle 7
Letters to the Editor 8
Music 9
Art 10
Book Reviews 11
One Life's Record 12
Social Credit 13

The Town Crier, formerly the Villager (Established 1933), is published by the Carmel Press, Inc., in Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. Eugene A. H. Watson, Managing Editor. All rights reserved.

The Fate of the Forest Theater

Whatever becomes of the Forest Theater after its ups and downs, its joys and sorrows of more than a quarter of a century, physically it will in the end become the property of the people of Carmel. That is, the 23 lots on which the theater now stands will be devoted to some community purpose if and when the organization now known as the Arts and Crafts club decides that it has outlived its usefulness in exemplification of the ideal that brought it into being.

This was virtually agreed upon at a meeting of the club Tuesday. The club reelected Henry Dickinson president and Eugene A. H. Watson, secretary and treasurer, and then entered into a discussion which reached the conclusion that a new organization should be formed, to be known as Forest Theater, Incorporated. Further, that those who make up this corporation and have a material interest therein, shall renounce all claim to material return in the final disposal of the property; that the property shall, on the termination of the activities of the theater, be delivered over to a community purpose that shall not be of a financial nature.

Thus, if the Forest Theater, its stage drenched with the sweat of the men and women of a rare nobility who have struggled through the years to make it a monument to Carmel intellect and Carmel art, is to end its days, verily it shall remain a monument—a lasting tribute to those, alive and dead, who gave to it as an ideal and as a reality the very best they had.

* *

TIME LIMIT EXTENDED FOR SEWER CONNECTIONS

Another year, to January 1, 1936, has been granted to property owners in the Carmel Sanitary District as the time limit for connection with the sewer system by a resolution passed on first reading by the Carmel city council last night.

John C. Catlin, Bernard Rowntree and Robert A. Norton composed the quorum present and Mr. Catlin was elected to preside.

CONTROVERSY, the weekly news-magazine of Carmel, issues for the first time Thursday, October 25.

It will be published by the Controversy Publishing Company and printed by The Carmel Press.

Its editorial and publication office will be at San Carlos and Seventh street.

The telephone number is Carmel 705

Its editor is W. K. Bassett. Contributing editors will be named in the initial issue.

Subscriptions are 5 cents a copy and $1 for six months in Monterey County and 10 cents the copy and $2 for six months elsewhere.

Advertising rates may be had on application.

Address all communications to CONTROVERSY, Box 1300, Carmel, California.

Consideration of the petition of Grace D. Rogers to have two trees removed from in front of her property on San Antonio Street was put over to the next regular meeting.

Joseph J. Hitchcock was granted permission to erect an advertising sign in front of his home on La Siesta Avenue.

It was voted to draft resolutions of sympathy to be sent to the family of the late J. F. Devendorf. At the time of Mr. Devendorf's death, Councilman Rowntree sent a telegram of condolence in the name of the council.

A resolution calling for bids for the publication of the city's legal notices was read and after certain changes were made to conform to previous resolutions was adopted. Bids for the city printing are to be submitted at the regular meeting of the council, November 7.

Street Superintendent William Askew was authorized to install curbs and gutters on lower Ocean Avenue at a cost not to exceed $300. The improvement is necessary to prevent a portion of the avenue from being destroyed by winter rains.

The council adjourned to meet October 31st.

* *

Fred Ammerman was sentenced to five days in jail and fined $10 by Judge George Wood on Monday on a plea of guilty to interfering with firemen in discharge of their duty at a brush fire near Santa Fe and First Streets last Friday night. Ammerman is said to have struck Manuel Pereira, a fireman, during an altercation. The complaint was sworn to by Policeman Charles Guth.

Farewell and Hail

It is with a great deal of regret, as well as with an enormous amount of satisfaction, that the present issue of The Crier is the last with which we shall be associated as managing editor.

Ever since the first issue it has been the intention to give to Carmel something different from the ordinary run of newspapers and magazines and to that end we have sought a worthy editor who could carry out this aim.

Errors have been made as our readers too well know, but the purpose has always been in the forefront of our thought. Sometimes we have provided an editor and more recently we have tried to carry on without one.

But, realizing our limitations as regards carrying out our aim, we continued to seek the one best suited to edit a paper such as we know Carmel wants.

This we finally accomplished and we are certain that the news-magazine Controversy under the editorship of W. K. Bassett, and supplied with contributions by and excellent group of contributors headed by Colonel Harold L. Mack, will more than satisfy the longings of Carmelites for a worthwhile publication of intense interest.

This is the great satisfaction that we have in winding up the Crier and knowing that it will be carried on as Controversy.

The only regret is in relinquishing the managing editorship, but as it is now in far more competent hands, and as we have been assured that we may contribute when the spirit moves, this regret is not a matter of great importance.

We feel sure that our congratulations and wishes of good luck to Controversy and the new staff will be echoed by our readers and their good will toward the Crier and their patience during its formative stage will be more than amply rewarded.

—E. A. H. W.

* *

Residents of the south-western section of the city who have been annoyed for the past two months or more by a prowler will be gratified to learn that the case has been cleared up and the person responsible apprehended. It is one of those pitiful cases of mental derangement about which charity dictates that the least said the better.

Poetry

A FATHER'S PRAYER

He has my eyes. (May they not see
The sorrow that is charged to me.)
He has my head. (May it not bow
In shame as mine is bowing now.)
He has my voice. (May it have grace
To lift him far above my place.)
He has my manner. (May it never,
As with me, a friendship sever.)

He has my eyes, he has my head,
My voice and manner too.
Oh, may he have his mother's heart,
For that will pull him through.

GIFTS

Wind, sing unto her ear.
Waves, dance before her eyes.
Turf, yield beneath her feet
Softly, and softly rise.

Grapes, give your sweetness up
Unto her sweeter mouth.
Breeze, to her nostrils bear
The fragrance of the South.

Earth, give to her the best
Of all you hold in store.
I hold it not enough.
God, give her more.

—KENTON KILMER
Ladies Home Journal

HERITAGE

I leave my child the heritage
Of grasses bending low
Before the lancing blizzard
Or herded flocks of snow.

I leave my child the windy
Miracle of foam,
The sudden twilight dipping
Of swallows coming home.

I leave my child the wonder
Of just a marigold,
Within his heart the listening
For music never told.

—SYLVIA HILL
Ladies Home Journal

THE POOL

All day the clear and tranquil pool
Sends back its picture, calm and cool.
The graceful rushes, waving tall.
The foam and froth of mountain fall;
A wisp of cloud, a flashing wing,
Blue shimmering sky, pale lily ring;
While after dark its treasures are
The crescent moon and silver star.

—MYRTLE WILEY
Better Homes and Gardens

PASTELS

How dull they lie in their dusty bins
Like colorless virtues or drab little sins,
But spread on a canvas their pigments gleam
With the luster of life and the tissue of dream.
How dull life's recurring, monotonous days
If there's not any ardor to color its ways.
But once love has touched these everyday things
Duty has glamour and hours have wings.

—LEONORA OWSLEY HERMAN
Ladies Home Journal

LONGING

Strange, how dear to one can be
A little garden or a tree;
How the heart can hunger for
The worn, stone threshold of a door!
How a road's familiar twist
Will pound the blood in throat and wrist,
And a valley's certain slope
Bring back a home, and youth, and hope!

—JOSEPHINE BOWMAN WETZLER
Better Homes and Gardens

OLD HAYSTACKS

The weather darkly stains, as it has done,
For many years, these idle stacks of hay,
And though their hoods are ashen with decay,
Their hearts still hold the color of the sun.

What rancher had them stacked by man and team
I do not know; it is enough they stand
As humble proof of harvest from his land
And symbols of his faith in labor's dream.

—WALTER EVANS KIDD
Frontier and Midland

HOODED NIGHT

At night, toward dawn, all the lights of the shore have died,
And a wind moves. Moves in the dark
The sleeping power of the ocean, no more beastlike than manlike,
Not to be compared; itself and itself.
Its breath blown shoreward huddles the world with a fog; no stars
Dance in heaven; no ship's light glances
I see the heavy granite bodies of the rocks of the headland,
That were ancient here before Egypt had pyramids,
Bulk on the gray of the sky, and beyond them the jests of young trees
I planted the year of the Versailles peace.
But here is the final unridiculous peace. Before the first man
Here were the stones, the ocean, the cypresses,
And the pallid region in the stone-rough dome of the fog where the moon
Falls on the west. Here is reality.
The other is a spectral episode; after the inquisite animal's
Amusements are quiet; the dark glory.

—ROBINSON JEFFERS
from the *Carmelite*

DON'T BE AFRAID OF UPTON SINCLAIR

In utter disregard of dynamite, housebreakers, Company A and the American Legion I write this that is to follow—disregard because I emphatically believe that the spirit and ideals which gave birth to what we call Americanism cannot be prostituted in its name.

Not intended as a bulwark against personal harm, but merely to strengthen my contentions and give me some right to my convictions, I would point, not with undue pride, to my father's claim that Richard Bassett, one of the signers of the Constitution, was, also, although the poor man could not foresee the possible odium involved, a forefather of mine, and to the fact that on my mother's side a forebear arrived so early in Kittery, Maine, that he aided and abbetted others in the fledgling community to start the first Baptist church.

On my arrival in California a week ago after an absence of seven years, blatant signboards, beginning almost at the state line, indicated to me that the hidebound party politicians of the state were decidedly heated up about the possibility that Upton Sinclair would be elected governor. I had been in Carmel scarcely half an hour when I was warned that any sympathy extended in the direction of the Democratic candidate would be considered a move toward the destruction of law and order. In another half hour it became apparent to me that Mr. Sinclair's enemies, not his friends, provided the menace to law and order. His friends were whispering only—frightened to death; actually in fear of violence. My open and uncurbed sentiments in the matter were radiantly, but in soft and apprehensive voice, met by an acknowledged support of Sinclair. It is amusing that these trembling supporters of the Democratic candidate are some of the best people in Carmel, some who have been, and remain, staunch bulwarks of the social system as it exists, and men and women from whose minds nothing could be farther than an intention to tear down and destroy.

Of course, I am not surprised at the hysteria which Upton Sinclair's candidacy has created. The Republican Party in California is subject to hysterics. As a national organization the Republican Party has long been bed-ridden with a chronic nervous disorder. Nobody could have wept larger tears, torn more white forelocks or chewed more cigars than Uncle Joe Cannon when, in my adolescent years, he shuttled back and forth across this country and predicted the collapse of the Constitution, the collapse of the nation, the collapse of everything if the proposal for the direct election of United States senators became a law in the land.

Can anyone forget; today can anyone forgive, the nauseous retching of both major parties, with the Republican the noisier, in every community where the initiative, referendum and recall was suggested as a means of giving the people something more to say about their laws and considerably more to say about who should administer them.

In my youth the term Socialist connoted a diabolical individual with hair all over his face. To admit that you knew one, or knew anybody who knew one automatically entered you in the black book as, at least, a parlor pink. Today the majority of planks from that original Socialist platform are embodied in the statutes of many states of the union, not excluding California.

There is nothing new in this trick that the Republican party of California is now resorting to; nothing new except my inexpressible surprise that it apparently is working. Whenever a campaign manager can step across the boundaries of his own party and enlist an appreciable number of the leading lights of the opposing party in his cause, his pay is increased, not in dollars, perhaps, but in the patronage-spendable tender of high praise and vociferous encomiums. By planting dynamite and bombs and all the evil intentions at hand in the cellar of the opposition, the Republicans have staged the raid and now present the evidence. Even my old friend, Argyll Campbell, sane and sensible as he is on most occasions, falls for such stuff as that.

Upton Sinclair, with all his apparently impossible plans, cannot ruin the state of California; he cannot even begin to ruin it. Sinclair is an idealist. Despite all statements to the contrary, he is without doubt a man of sincerity and a man with the courage, if not the power, of his convictions. He will discover in no long lapse of time, if he steps into the governor's chair at Sacramento, that he cannot do the things he has dreamed of doing; the things he has been telling the people of California he will try to do. Then what? The answer of the Republican Party, and those who have been deluded into playing its game this fall, is that everything will collapse and California will become but a wraith, a nothing, dwindling to a dust the first east wind will carry into the Pacific Ocean. Or else it will be a teeming camp of communism. Red fires will burn from every hill and from deep in every valley.

Nonsense! When Upton Sinclair as governor discovers that this plan will not work he will try another one, just as Franklin D. Roosevelt is burying one vanquished idea with a new one, and carrying on. Whither, perhaps, we know not, but there are few in the nation who do not secretly believe, no matter what their political affiliations, that Roosevelt is trying, and that the good of the American people lies closest to his heart. So with Sinclair. He believes that he can help California and he will go to Sacramento at first convinced that he has the right idea and a definite and workable plan. But right or wrong, initial disillusionment will not stop a man of vigor and strength and sincerity and imagination from finding another way and accomplishing to some measure the basic principle of his purpose—to give loyally of his best in the interests of his state. Surely he cannot go far wrong, and as governor of the state he cannot create chaos because that is not within the power of his office.

On the other hand, if he does nothing more in a positive way than pardon Tom Mooney he will have certainly commanded the gratitude of every fair-minded, justice-loving citizen of California. My contention is that the man who will have the courage and the independence and the wisdom to do this will undoubtedly do other things to increase our self-respect and give us a firmer faith in the future.

Further, Mr. Sinclair's election will tend to tear down a portion of the formidable and offensive wall of Republican Party bureaucracy in California and that certainly will be something to write east about. The strangle-hold of the party has brought the state nothing tangible to glory in and has made life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness here not at all easy to attain. Surely those who have been misled by the Republican trick into championing the cause of Mr. Merriam cannot honestly believe that they are offering us anything palatable in exchange for Mr. Sinclair. Surely no hope lies in the kind of man Frank Merriam is, bound round, and liking it, by one of the worst political machines in the land. How Fleishhacker and his underlings will chuckle when and if they accomplish a perpetuation of their interminable dynasty by resorting to nothing more original than the old red-herring trick. And how ashamed of themselves will all the Argyll Campbells be!

—W. K. BASSETT

Mileage 3,709

After all, it is largely a matter of gasoline and oil. Crossing the continent from Providence, Rhode Island, to Carmel in an automobile, which its manufacturers produced back in 1929, devolves smartly down to that. When cylinders have long since ceased to be round while dancing piston rings have more consistently maintained their original state of being, Pennsylvania's proud production is considerably stepped up. Which heads me into the question: Why are there 19 different prices for gasoline, produced from oil, between Providence and Carmel, and one standard price for oil? Also, while I am on questions: Are the words "Cattle Crossing" a noun and a verb or an adjective and a noun? And—Who owns a horse that stands chewing a piece of sagebrush on a desert in western Nebraska 20 miles in any direction you choose from any sign of man or habitation of man? And—Who still believes that the basic color of sheep is white? And—what became of five clearly-marked towns on the Lincoln highway west of Salt Lake City since the gas station people had them designated on their road maps? A man, of sorts; a woman of a high degree of intelligence; a boy who, thank the green and gold gods, has a strong tendency to inherit much from his mother, and a dog delightfully pampered by man, woman and boy, are now here in Carmel ready to attest that these clearly map-marked habitats of humans have vanished and left no sign of their being perceptible to the naked eye. And nothing, as far as we know, has been in the papers about it.

Nebraska—Apparently a state law, or an ERA idea, has provided that on the highway at the approach to each and every city or town there shall be a uniform sign, black on white, naming the community and stating its population. Thus we approached a nestle of structures to be informed without any shade of humor in the dignified lettering: AMES, NEB., POPULATION 24. The bride, as S.A.R. would have her, put that down in the book, only to be stricken by a sense of graphite waste a number of miles farther when there faced us: HAVENS, NEB., POPULATION 22.

It should be noted with appropriate seriousness that after passing a one-store business section of Havens we were informed in neat black: RESIDENCE SECTION, 15 MILES PER HOUR and 300 feet later, SUBURBAN, 25 MILES PER HOUR.

Is the sale of liquor compensation enough for the hotels to overcome the wide-linked chain of "tourists accommodation" houses and auto camps between here and the Atlantic?

But a recalcitrant water pump and tremulous fan, constantly threatening destruction to a radiator, and bearings that will not remain tight no matter how many cash receipts for their attention are gummed into the pockets of the car, together with the aforementioned matter of gasoline and oil, are demons for taking one's mind off any appreciable consideration of the nation's expanse of beauty, the nation's expanse of drabness, the nation's expanse of majesty until—and your foot on a throttle, hanging beside a horse's flank, or treading the dust cannot drop a curtain of the sheerest before this—until you move up into the promising foothills of the Sierras and finally spread the grandeur of them before you for miles beyond end. Mile after mile are not enough to rob you completely of the failing confidence that you may put some of it into words—not until you pass Donner Lake on your ascent and then, before the final plunge from 7,000 feet into the Sacramento Valley, you look back and down on that precious-stone of water, do you realize with a certain sense of relief that no one who has ever seen it will expect you to do anything about it and for those who have never seen it, it doesn't matter.

Then San Francisco, and there comes back to you a love you had almost forgotten. There may be as many thousands out of work in the San Francisco bay section as in any comparative area in the country, but there is nothing in the view from the Berkeley hills, nothing in the atmosphere, or nothing in the faces of those you encounter to tell you this. Don't stop me if you have heard this before—I want to say it again. There is something still reaching out to us from the tradition of California that will see us through. The blood of the argonauts is still trickling through the veins of enough of us to carry us over the bumps. The Iowans haven't completely got us yet. And Oh, the sadness and human ineptitude of the land from which I have come; where I spent seven years of my life, seven years that I will never be able to classify in my book of profit and loss. New England—there she backs up! She has the loveliest countryside, the most picturesque villages, the dingiest cities, the sourest men and the homelist women in all America.

Carmel remains the same. Looking at it with my eyes and not my ears, I insist that Carmel remains the same. Those who used to gather with me at Sally's or Whitney's, or Curtis'; those who used to vie in fruitlessly spurring Bert Heron, rubbing down the mayoralty of John Jordan, hooting at the little black book of George Wood (and you can't tell me that's contempt of court), and endeavoring to turn the Woman's Club from pavilions on the beach to more concentration on bird walks—these tell me the old Carmel is gone. I don't believe it. Perhaps it merely needs that somewhat nebulous, considerably uncertain, always emphatic, often accurate, ever zealous (that's clear in my mind if not in yours) and now be-whiskered W. K. B.

MARTIN FLAVIN'S NEW PLAY TO BE STAGED NOVEMBER 28

Having selected Beatrice Holtby for the leading role, Byington Ford is well and enthusiastically on his way in directing the cast for the production of Martin Flavin's latest play, "Sunday," to be presented at The Playhouse for four nights beginning November 28.

A reading of the play by prospective members of the cast to support Miss Holtby was held Monday evening at the home of Dick and Rhoda Johnson who will have charge of the stage setting. Those who have been tentatively selected for the various roles are, besides Miss Holtby, George McMenamin, Edward Files, Dewey Clough, Clarence Lockwood, John Catlin, Ross Miller, James Regan, Dorothy Ledyard and Hal Garrott.

This will be the premiere of Mr. Flavin's play. With the struggle of a midwestern family against the depression as its theme, "Sunday" is not what could even loosely be termed hilarious, but there is enough humor running through the weave of travail to give it a relieving lighter shade here and there, and the curtain falls on a final and irresistible note of hope.

As a personal word let me say that if By Ford can instil into this cast of "Sunday" some of the undeniable art of his own acting in "Kick In," just prior to my precipitous departure from Carmel seven years ago, Martin Flavin will be glad to have given this latest play of his to the Community Players to try out "on the dog."

—W. K. B.

* *

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Gentry have returned from a four-days' automobile trip through the state.

Twaddle

Friday-fun at Del Monte:

Ed Files and Bill Staniford with Sally Scarlett and Jerry Fitzgerald, Nancy Cocke with the same mysterious Mr. Lieutenant, Mr. and Mrs. Clough-Davis, Will Claywell and Marja Lee Davis, (no relation to the preceding couple).

* *

ETIQUINTS:

Young ladies with escorts in uniform must never chew gum in the Tap Room on Fridays!

* *

When and when not to be Alarmed, that was the question! The Fire Department just couldn't seem to get together and now poor Fred Ammerman is on the inside looking at the outside. Oh well, nobody should complain at getting a five days' vacation!

* *

Beach season's going out and Play season's coming in. Try-outs for an upcoming event were held Monday night at the home of Mrs. Rhoda Johnson. By Ford's going to direct, and from all reports, this should be a hum-dinger! Those suffering during the evening were: Ed Files, Billy Staniford, Clarence Lockwood, George McMenamin, Hal Garrott, Jimmy Regan, Dewey Clough, Dan Chew and Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford. Two or three of them are still suffering—they'll *die* if they don't get those parts!

* *

I don't find money on the streets and people never give me presents or carry in my wood, but I did get to the Football game Saturday at Stanford. (More astounding, if possible, than the fact that I got there is that I also arrived home safely). We Carmelites think nothing of just jaunting up to Palo Alto and back for a game! Passed on the way—(going and coming)—Colin Alderman, Catherine Whitney and Elmer Cox. Probably many more, but these I glimpsed at intersections when we slowed down to 50. Oh ye-ah—Hap Hasty and Dick Catlett.

* *

I understand that one of the disappointed stay-at-homes played football with himself in the alley back of Carl Rohr's. That might be fun—you know—turn the radio on full blast and try to beat the kickers!

* *

Now, once and for all—I can't help it if I work so hard I'm never home! Those wishing to bring me gifts, wash my car, clean my house, or entertain me will find me positively in at 4:30 (Penner) Sunday afternoons and 6:00 (Crosby) Tuesday evenings. Please sit on the doorstep until the program's over.

* *

Specially recommended for an excuse to gab in Whitney's a Gadget (they come in large or small sizes). In case you don't know what a Gadget is, Bill Staniford will tell you—of course leaving out the one essential ingredient which would make it possible for you to concoct the draught at home. They look swell—not being a gabber I haven't had an excuse to try one yet!

* *

Fearless journalism—that's me! What certain young man and certain young lady, certainly in love, are certainly pffttting again? (Who says I never tell all!)

* *

Well—it's come! In self-defense everyone's putting tops on cars. Whoever started it I don't know—Sissies who think a little dew is rain, I guess. But anyway, I do know that we've all had to follow suit to be inconspicuous. It was terrible there for awhile—couldn't even call on boss without being spotted. I tried lending my car to people for awhile, but that didn't work either so after looking for a week I found my top, and woe is me—it's on. Bobby, take my warning and rummage around for yours or you'll be sorry! Which reminds me, wasn't it you who came out one sunny morning, with nice spotless grey slacks, and that ducky navy blue shirt you wear? The air was so fresh after a night of soothing rain, and you felt so full of springy exuberance that you leaped in your trusty Chariot—up and at 'em. I saw you about an hour later in tan slacks and a lovely yellow sweater!

* *

We all have a new game now. Instead of playing One Foot Across the Gutter outside, we play Booth Feet in the Gutter inside. It's fun, if you ever had enough wood to last through the evening!

* *

Miss Beverly Zilch has returned to her home in Cupertino. The music at Del Monte should be very much better now that the disturbing element is removed. Maybe I'm wrong—Fred Godwin's home again!

* *

Swell new song—"Lost in a Fog" (especially appropriate for an October Carmel Sunday morning).

* *

Swell fisticuffs in Staniford's Drug Store the other day. Fight to the finish between the Black Maria and a tarantula. Odds were three to one for the spider but the tarantula proved the better man. Maria choked to death on one of the tarantula's toes.

* *

Lodge meeting in Whitney's Friday night: Hap Hasty, Chips Gardner, Bill Staniford, Johnny Nye, Dick Catlett. One bottle was and wasn't in exactly fifteen minutes by the clock. Casualties: One brother arrested for speeding.

* *

My rival contemporary informs me that our last week's issue was unfair competition. Don't be silly—you don't need pictures!

* *

Bobby Smith has had his two extra telephones disconnected.

* *

Ray Meeks left for his vacation Sunday night. Back on the job Monday morning. Mr. Meeks reports that Monterey County is beautiful at night—all night.

—P. C.

* *

Mrs. Ida C. Battelle of Los Angeles and her friend, Miss Wilbur, are in *Make Believe* cottage.

Letters to the Editor

To The Town Crier:

Would the assassinations of Alexander I, King of Yugoslavia, and Louis Barthou, Foreign Misinster of France, be the spark that would again set Europe on fire and challenge all humanity?

Are men still as primitive, as barbarous as to permit the ransom of a few lives to be paid by the sacrifice of millions of others? Have they not benefitted through a terrible lesson? It is what the future would show us.

The trouble with men is that they price life too much and not enough. They are illogical with themselves. A wrong could not be redressed by a wrong a thousandfold greater. The whole world should not be overthrown because a fanatic has killed a ruler. The tragedy, of course, is a sign of unrest, and the killing of the murderer has not killed the intangible idea that guided his aim. If for an instant, forgetting Kaleman, we should think of these deaths as if they were natural, we should see that life, indifferent, has followed its course, and already has filled the places of the victims. As a few months ago, when the whole world mourned with Belgium, a beloved king, victim also of a tragic death, Leopold III ascended the vacant throne. The present shows us a son worthy of the father, and his great popularity proves his wise and generous understanding of the needs and difficulties of his people.

This medieval story, which I quote from memory only, came back to my mind while thinking about the whole matter and its possible consequences. It happened in the XIIIth century, under the reign of John I, Duke of Brabant, surnamed the Victorious.

An inhabitant of Jalhay having stolen a cow from an inhabitant of Ciney, the sheriff had the thief arrested and hanged. The lord of Jalhay having heard of his man's tragic fate, decided to revenge his death and with a few "gens d'armes" attacked his neighbor, the lord of Ciney. John, Duke of Brabant, and Reinal, the 1st Duke of Limburg, informed of what was going on, went to the help of their respective vassals. A serious fight took place of which I have forgotten the final result but, I am right to believe, must have been the victory of John I. This ridiculous battle is known in history as "Guerre de la Vache" (War of the cow).

This story, as childish as it appears, is it not the story of all wars? They all start apparently for similar futile reasons, when the real causes, fight for lands, markets, power, remained unknown to the very ones whose lives are going to be sacrificed.

Alexander I, and Louis Barthou were about to sign a pact of peace when they met with their tragic fate. Nobody would deny the sincerity of their intentions, but what means all these signatures? How many treaties, pacts and plans had been signed and torn, since the war, and what would be the value of a pact of peace in a case of military conflict? We shall never have peace as long as we have internal troubles, insecurity, starvation that kept jealousy and hatred. Peace, if anyone of us have to enjoy it, will be the manifestation of a universal security. There is the supreme good that leaders should seek for their people if they want to live and keep their power. It is there in their reach. This age of plenty should provide for everyone materially as well as intellectually. The instant is decisive: salvation or death for the whole world.

And now this amusing ancedote that points out, one of the most serious entanglement of the present situation lies and shows the remedy to be a certain extent:

There was great trouble at this time in a little village of France. The innkeeper owed one thousand francs to the butcher, the butcher owed this thousand francs to his tailor, the tailor owed them to the doctor and the doctor to the innkeeper for the settlement of a bill due since the wedding of his daughter.

The butcher bothered the innkeeper because he needed the money very badly to pay his tailor. The doctor bothered the tailor and the innkeeper bothered the doctor for a similar reason. They all were willing to pay provided they had the money that the acute crisis had made very scarce. Consequently this unpleasant situation might have lasted much longer if something unexpected had not happened.

On a certain day a stranger came to this little village and stopped at the hotel. As he had with him only a little suitcase, the innkeeper asked for a deposit. The stranger had only a bank-note of one thousand francs. But, anyhow, he dared to trust the inkeeper with it. The innkeeper took it and carefully put it aside in a drawer and never would have dreamt to use it if the butcher had not come and pressed him so hard that the poor man could not resist the temptation. He opened the drawer and handed the famous bank-note to his creditor. The butcher had not been in the street five minutes, before he met the tailor. He joyfully passed him the precious paper. The tailor in his turn, passing the doctor's house, did not delay the payment of his debt and handed the bill to the doctor. So did the doctor to the innkeeper. These transactions had been so rapid that the next day, when the stranger left the little village, the innkeeper, quite relieved, was able to give back intact the timely paper. And his guest went away unaware of the good he unwittingly had done.

Does this anecdote not recall our unfortunately illfated Carmel dollars. Were the stamps attached to them the spell, the cause of their failure?

—Jeanne Pirenne

NEW CUBS DEN

Den Number Two of the Carmel Cubs is now underway. Mrs. John Neikirk, Mrs. Phyllis Appleton, Mrs. Mary Frolli, and Mrs. Don Staniford meeting with Mrs. L. H. Levinson late last week decided to launch a den for their small sons. They chose Mrs. Mary Frolli as Den Mother, deciding to use a suitable room at the Frolli home for the den, and the well-equipped Levinson yard as a playfield.

The boys who will make up this fine den are: Donnie Staniford, Bobbie Frolli, Gerald Neikirk, Howard Levinson, and DeWitt Appleton, with two more probable candidates.

With the assistance of Den Mothers Mrs. Handley and Mrs. Frolli the boys of dens one and two are working hard on their Bobcat tests and will soon be ready to become full-fledged Cubs.

Al Young, District Scout Executive, will meet the parents of all the Carmel Cubs, and the Pack committee at the Carmel Scout House on Wednesday evening October 24th at 8 o'clock. Mr. Young will complete the organizing details at this meeting.

The committee sponsoring the Carmel Cubs are Frank Townsend, Gene Watson, and Dave Askew. They serve as a sub-committee of the Scouting Committee of which Herman Crossman is chairman.

* * *

Miss Elizabeth Shand, identified with the Southern Pacific hospital in San Francisco, has returned to her home after six weeks' visit in Carmel.

Music

A drive for membership for its winter series of concerts was launched last evening by the Carmel Music Society at a meeting in the home of Mrs. Katherine Howe. Mrs. Edith Dickinson is chairman of the drive committee and Mrs. Paul Flanders heads the ticket committee. The Denny-Watrous Gallery is headquarters for the membership campaign.

The first presentation of the society will be unique. The Don Cossack Chorus will be heard at Sunset School Auditorium Monday evening, October 29. Single ticket sale for this concert will start Monday of next week.

Deems Taylor has said of the Cossack Chorus that it is the "best chorus I ever heard or hope to hear."

Organized in 1923 in a prison camp near Constantinople these Don Cossacks have made history as the greatest singing organization in the world. Their record of over 2,700 concerts given in Europe, England, Australia and America has never been equalled.

A Don Cossack concert is a thrilling experience—there is no other description. The exultant fervor of their voices in Russian sacred music, the passionate longing expressed in their folk songs, and the riotous accompaniment of shouts, whistling, and frenzied dancing in their Cossack war songs make a program that, once heard, is never forgotten.

When you hear them you hear the voice of Mother Russia—for these battle scarred giants carry a memory jealously guarded. Exiled forever, with "En Voyage" written in their League of Nations Nansen passports, these men must pour into song all their hopeless longing for their homeland which must forever remain a memory. A memorable experience, the Don Cossacks—which no one should miss.

* * *

MARCUS-BLINDER RECITAL

The joint recital of Adele Marcus, pianist, and Naoum Blinder, violinist, will take place this Saturday evening under the auspices of the Denny-Watrous Gallery in the gallery on San Carlos Street. Both artists have reputations of international scope and they have selected programs for their Carmel recital which will demonstrate their rare power and charm.

TO HONOR OLD MEMBERS

The Carmel Community Church announced plans Sunday for honoring a number who have served this church for many years. A "Home Coming" is to be sponsored for Sunday, October 28. There will be a special service of worship in the morning, a group dinner at noon at which the honored ones will be guests, and a "Memories" hour in the afternoon, to be led by the Rev. Fred Sheldon for many years pastor of the Carmel Church.

During the "Memories" service those who have served the church for twenty five years will be asked to serve a "Gold Service Scroll," and those, who have served the church for fifteen years will sign a "Silver Service Scroll." Those who will sign the "Gold Scroll" are Mrs. L. B. Hanson, the one living charter member, Miss Josephine Culbertson, Mr. and Mrs. Court Arne. Those who will sign the "Silver Scroll" are Miss Frances Farrington, Mrs. Alice Beardsley, Mrs. Maud C. Wyman, Miss Emeline Harrington, Mrs. Jettie Tuthill, Mrs. Jessie Askew, and Miss Helen Cheney Brown.

Mrs. Everett Smith, chairman of the committee on arrangements, states that it is the plan of his committee that the "Home Coming" and signing of the Service Scrolls be made an annual event. Thus the Silver Scrolls will come to have much significance with the years.

* * *

INTRA-MURAL FOOTBALL AT SUNSET SCHOOL

Sunset School has been carrying on an intra-mural touch-tackle football series. The games are called every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons at 3:45. Those participating are members of the Fourth Grade or above. Each team has been given a cross-section from each grade in an attempt to make the teams as even as possible.

Standing of the teams to date is:

Team	G. P.	Won	Lost	Pct.
Gaels	3	3	0	1000
Huskies	3	2	1	666
Trojans	3	2	1	666
Bears	2	0	2	000
Indians	3	0	3	000

The very fact that it is touch-tackle football necessitates the use of passes and open plays. Because of this, anything may happen. That usually turns out to be true. A good number of the touchdowns come from heady football in cashin on the breaks. Two of the boys, Harry Butts of the Huskies and Victor Candia of the Gaels, have proven this several times. However, their scores would not have been possible without wideawake teams to back them up.

The Gaels have shown the most consistent team work on the field this year. It has been their one stand-by that has not failed to pull them through in the pinches. Since they are the leaders to date, the winner of the Huskies-Trojans game will play a special game which will be called Thursday, October 25th.

Here is the schedule for the remainder of the season.

Thursday, Oct. 18 Huskies—Trojans
Tuesday, Oct. 23 Indians—Bears
Thursday, Oct. 25 Tentative game between the winner of the Huskies—Trojan game and the Gaels.

Marvin Hockabout will act as referee.

* * *

LOUIS BYINGTON TO TALK IN CARMEL FOR MERRIAM

Merriam forces will rally Democratic and Republican leaders and their followers in a mass meeting Friday evening at the Denny-Watrous Gallery on San Carlos Street at 8 o'clock to hear the Hon. Louis Byington, of San Francisco, speak upon campaign issues.

This distinguished jurist has long been one of California's foremost orators and Democratic advocates, and his first-hand information on the forthcoming gubernatorial election is something that every Carmel voter, regardless of politics, should hear. He is sponsored by the Carmel Merriam-for-Governor Club, and will be introduced by John Jordan, chairman of the local Non-Partisan Merriam Club.

There will be singing by Fenton P. Foster's glee club.

Other important speakers will also appear, and the authoritative information upon men and factors in the present race will be especially gauged to Carmel listeners. Byington is rarely heard upon the platform nowadays, and has returned as public speaker only because of his conviction that Merriam's election is vital to the welfare of California.

Other rallies will follow that of Friday night, and the Merriam campaign workers are completing a Peninsula-wide organization to canvass every registered voter well in advance of the November 6th election date.

* * *

Mrs. Frank S. Kelley, mother of Martin Flavin, is in the Moore house for the fall.

* * *

Minnie K. Brown, former librarian, is spending a short time in Carmel.

Art

America is on its way, artistically, and when it arrives the great art center of the Nation is likely to be Chicago rather than the more effete Manhattan.

Paul Jamot, director of paintings in the Louvre of Paris, made this prophetic comment recently as he supervised the packing of the priceless collection of paintings loaned by the Louvre to the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. It was the gist of his impressions during two weeks in the United States on his first American visit.

"I have found great love of art in America, and I have seen the great museums of art. And some day," his eyes twinkled as he paused to emphasize the "some day," "the walls of these galleries will be filled with the great art treasurers of the world."

Besides his interest in American art collections, the famous Frenchman was much intrigued by the "personality" of American cities.

New York was "impressive and amazing," San Francisco, "beautiful in landscape and setting," but Chicago impressed him as having "the most personality."

"In Europe there is a prejudice against Chicago," he said. "Always with Chicago is associated the thought of gangsters and the unpleasant abattoirs of the stockyards. But when I was there the gangsters seemed to be pretty well spread out and as for the stockyards, it is, after all, quite good to make hams and bacons. The Art Institute is marvelous, Lake Michigan is beautiful and the city is vital, young creative. It may well be that in the future Chicago, in the heart of your Middle West, will be your national art and cultural center."

Paints, brushes and palette are in Monsieur Jamot's traveling bag hob-nobbing with his socks and shirts, for he is a painter as well as an art authority. And while here he expects to make good use of the colors he has brought on his long journey.

"San Francisco inspires me to paint," he smiled. "That lovely bay, that sublimity of water and hills and city! It is a scene comparable to the most famous in the world. Before I leave I shall surely paint as much as I can of this loveliness."

The artist modestly admitted he is the only Louvre curator whose paintings have ever been hung in Luxembourg. To be represented in the Luxembourg is the highest honor a living painter can receive in France.

The Louvre paintings will be shipped this week under M. Jamot's watchful care to Los Angeles for exhibition in the Los Angeles Museum. From there they will be sent to Baltimore before they are returned to France. The French director was amazed and interested when told that they were viewed by 140,000 people during the first month they were in San Francisco.

"With such a widespread interest in art," he said, "there must surely lie ahead a great artistic future for San Francisco."

—S. F. CHRONICLE

POLITICAL OBSERVATIONS

In a message designed to stimulate independent thinking concerning the political aspects of our community problems, Rev. Melvin C. Dorsett of the Carmel Community Church last Sunday made some observations. Having first presented the need for a cost balance between production and consumption before any country can arrive at a continuously happy economic situation, Mr. Dorsett stated that the American mind more naturally fits into a system of checks and balances through maximum labor hours, minimum salary schedules, unemployment and health insurance, old age insurance, and other social measures than into either the socialistic or communistic schemes for doing away with individual ownership. He stated vigorously that he personally preferred living in an America with a profit motive and consequent individual independence but was surely concerned that the profit motive be so guided by social measures as to insure to labor as well as to capital fair compensation and protections. It was his opinion that were the Republican Party in power they would be working in much the same direction that the Democratic Party now is, that these things must come else the country will swing to one of two dangerous extremes. Also it was said that if the party situation were reversed it would simply be the other party out of power and slinging all of the mud that they thought to be politically expedient, regardless of the real harm being done to the recovering of normalcy of business attitudes. That both parties become greedy for control to the extent of damaging national welfare.

The extremes pointed out as of most danger were; the Communist agitation which would gain control of labor groups through infiltration, thus setting up soviets, which would in turn seize control of and practically dictate the affairs of America. The often asked question, "Why are people of wealth and intelligence working so hard for Communism as expressed in Russia?" was answered by the making of two rhetorical questions in return, "Who would dictate the policies of the soviets?" "Would not those, who so dictate have a larger property and power control than they now have?" The National tendency, because of the distaste of Big Business and Massed Wealth for paying the bills necessary to social measures that tend to balance the costs of producing and consuming and thus to lend buying power to the masses, to seek to regiment the American Legion for what would amount to an American Fascism if actually allowed to come to pass. Rather than build a permanently balanced economy, even under a thoroughly democratic government, much of Massed Wealth seems to prefer to extend credits, which allow temporary activity on the part of the consumer but certainly throw the necessary balance more off than ever in the final situation resulting. While the American Legion in many places places stands in a position of honest motive for control of the extermists to the left, the leaders throughout the nation will do well to watch their step, lest they find themselves the machine through which an extreme right swing is foisted. Such a dictatorship of Big Business would not only probably be negligent of the needs of the larger groups of consumers but such a dictatorship would also tend to lead to the type of situation, which Communism needs in order to propogate itself in individualistic America.

MERRIAM WORKERS ACTIVE

Precinct workers of the Merriam forces, including Democratic, Republican and non-partisan representatives, got together at the Dolores Street headquarters last Monday night and chose for leader in Precinct No. 1, Mrs. Herbert Cerwin; in Precinct No. 2, Harry L. Clement; in Precinct No. 3, William Overstreet; and in Precinct No. 4, John Catlin.

They and their co-workers will make careful survey of all voters with an object of lining up Merriam supporters and distributing literature among opponents. Willing response has been forthcoming to requests for volunteers to donate both time and financial backing, and a determined local campaign is in full swing.

Next meeting is the coming Monday evening at 8 o'clock, when reports will be tabulated and new workers enlisted, as well as general plans discussed with the executive committee.

Book Reviews

"Man With A Bull-Tongue Plow," by Jesse Stuart. (Dutton, $2.50.)

This is one of the greatest poetic works that has ever come out of America. It is an epic of the soil. The author is a Kentucky farmer and poetry rolls out of him as naturally as the flowers grow out of his land. "Man With A Bull-Tongue Plow" is made up of seven hundred and three sonnets—not in strictly classical form, but one leading into the other so that they form a continued narrative.

This is not only the story of his own life amid the Kentucky hills and among the Kentucky mountaineer folk, but it is a vast panorama of the life of the community—as individuals. Scores of characters, dozens of dramas, hundreds of pictures emerge from these dynamic and picturesque pages.

Jesse Stuart is an extension of the soil on which he lives and works; he seems to be a part of the earth itself. He is one of those simple and inspired men to whom all life is poetry, not just some moments of it poems. That is to say, he is a great poet.

⁂

"A History of the Church: An Introductory Study," by Philip Hughes (Sheed & Ward, $2.50), gets the following sympathetic review from the *American Mercury*:

"This is the first volume of what is to be a trilogy. It covers the religious and political background of the early Christian Church, and comes down to the Third Council of Constaninople, 680-1. The second volume will bring the narrative to the Reformation, and the third will deal with the subsequent history of the Roman branch. Mr. Hughes writes as a Catholic, but his treatment of controversy is generally fair, and he has much that is illuminating to say on difficult points—for example, the influence of the conversion of Constantine. At the end of his volume he prints a brief but well chosen bibliography, a series of historical tables, a map of the Roman Empire, and an index. There is little that is new in it, but it shows an intelligent reading of the sources, and a considerable familiarity with the standard literature."

⁂

"Reach for the Moon," by Royce Brier. (D. Appleton-Century Co. $2.50.)

During the past two years a number of splendid books detailing some phase of San Francisco life and history as their themes have been written and printed by authors old and authors new. They have been widely read and discussed. All of these books have justified their making and their circulation because they had something to say which must be said.

The author of "Reach for the Moon" was awarded the 1934 Pulitzer Prize for reporting. In this book he gives us San Francisco at the turn of the century; politicians spiraling to wealth; newspapers battling graft; wealth grappling vice; Nob Hill against Barbary Coast—everywhere flux and an undercurrent of discontent. Such is the mood of this vital novel whose tense action centers around a battle between money and the press—a mood that is climaxed in the tumult of the great fire. A brilliant story, remarkable for its vivid characterization and authentic background.

—W. L. O.

⁂

Frederick, Maryland, is a place with an historical record few towns in the nation can equal. It was the home of Barbara Fritchie; Chief Justice Taney had a home there (a sign advertising it calls particular attention to the wine cellar and slave quarters); it was the home and is the burial place of Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner;" it was the Western terminus of the first railroad in the United States; the home of Winfield Scott Schley, the hero of Santiago, was only three miles away; it was the home of Thomas Johnson, first governor of the state of Maryland and a Revolutionary leader; its neighborhood gave 1,700 men to the army of George Washington, who were with him at Valley Forge.

There are many magnificent old buildings, coming down from Colonial, pre-Civil war and Civil war times in that section of the country. Particularly beautiful are the Colonial-type churches, with their box-like, two-storied auditoriums and their picturesque towers. This type of architecture, like the Spanish Mission style of California and the Southwest, needs to be seen in its own environment, however, to be really appreciated.

—EXCHANGE

⁂

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bell and Miss Helen Freeman are preparing to return to their home in Pasadena. Their home on Palou Avenue in Carmel will be taken for the winter by Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Bassett and son, Oliver.

Book Notes

Donald Richberg, the new NRA chief, who succeeded the fiery Hugh Johnson, is author of three books. "A Man of Purpose," the tale of a lawyer who wars on veted interests, is being reprinted by Cromwell for issue about November 1st.

⁂

After weeks and weeks at the head of the fiction best seller list, "Anthony Adverse" has dropped down. Mary Ellen Chase's "Mary Peters" now occupies top position.

⁂

In the non-fiction list "The Challenge to Liberty," by former President Herbert Hoover, leads the list. It is much discussed and variously interpreted.

⁂

The Catholic Book Club has named as its October selection Sigrid Unset's "Stages on the Road."

⁂

The centenary of Charles Lamb's death, December 20th, brings out E. V. Lucas' book, "At the Shrine of St. Charles."

⁂

The Charles Dickens heirs, of whom there is quite a company, are said to be potential recipients of large royalties as the result of the picturization of many of Dickens' books. "David Copperfield" will have an elaborate production.

⁂

Knopf will shortly publish James Laver's "Background for Venus." Laver's "Nymph Errant," came out in 1932.

⁂

Madame Tatiana Tchernavin, author of "Escape From the Soviets," now in its twelfth printing, expects to come to America in November for a three-months stay.

⁂

Miss Rowena Beans, sister of the late William Beans, prominent banker of San Jose, has decided to extend her visit in Carmel. She is in the Schuyler cottage.

One Life's Record

An Anonymous Autobiography

(Continued from last week)

"I got awful stomach trouble, Bud," the boss complained when we stopped for a brief nooning. I saw the last of the medicine trickle out of the neck of the raised bottle; and from where I squatted, munching a sandwich, I could make out the words "Old Crow" on its label.

Somehow I felt a bit relieved that the bottle was empty, but after we remounted and pressed on smartly for a few miles, came another halt and a reserve bottle of medicine. A wild ride followed a deep draught. Mile after mile I bounced on, losing first one stirrup and then the other, clinging for dear life to the horn of the stock saddle—then suddenly came medicine time again.

Similar dashes continued throughout the long afternoon. The horses were in a frenzy, the mule's pack had worked lopsided, and all three animals were white with lather, when finally came the heel of the day and we drew up to make camp. I hoped the boss knew just where we were, and that water was at hand, for I was thirsty as well as chafed and tired. I climbed down and was about to ask where water could be had, when suddenly the long-suffering mule screamed rather than hawed, and abruptly turned tail and made off. This was bad enough, but before I could take thought or utter a word, the two horses snorted wildly and tore off in the wake of the crazed mule.

"It's all right, Bud," I heard a thick voice say. "They'll come back."

In the growing dusk I made out the lanky form of the surveyor. He had dismounted just before me, and evidently his first thought had been given to his medicine. For now I saw he still had his bottle. And even as I watched he raised it and took his anodyne.

"It's annoying, Bud," was all I could get out of him as he sank to a sitting posture on the ground, still clinging to the bottle.

It was growing darker. I listened intently, but could hear no sound of returning hoof. Nor could I see anything except portentous shadows creeping over a desolate land. When I turned again to the surveyor, it was to find him curled up and snoring heavily. He was through for the day.

It was a clear cool night. The stars came out. Coyotes yelped in the distance as I sat meditating on the fact that there was no food, no bedding, not even a sip of water, and that we were probably forty miles from town. At least there'd be no more Old Crow for my new boss. With the coming of morning he'd be sober. He knew the country, and would find water and a ranch-house. The latter thoughts were mental balm, but soon the growing cold drove me to thinking of creature comforts. I ranged about in the dim starlight and pulled up brush by the roots. I can't say whether it was sage-bush or grease-wood, but it mad a hot blaze. And now the boss awoke and sat up.

Drunk as he was, he knew his stars. "Good old Arcturus!" he toasted a particularly bright one high in the heavens, and with a wave of his bottle, drank to it.

Gradually he became aware of the fire, and my presence. I saw him blink his eyes and scratch his shaggy head. I reminded him that the horses and mules had run off with his valuable instruments, all our bedding and grub, but he refused to either consider or discuss the matter.

"Come here, Bud," he said, "and I'll tell you all about Bootes."

He pointed at the constellation gleaming overhead and told me how many stars of various magnitudes comprised it. Elementary facts regarding astronomy dribbled thickly from him, and as I crept closer to propitiate his teaching whim, he patted me in a fatherly manner and handed me a plug of Climax tobacco.

"Have some supper, Bud," he said jocularly, and postponed his stellar discourse until I'd bitten off a black and juicy corner.

It was my first chew of tobacco. Its effects were not immediate, but presently Bootes commenced to play strange tricks. Arcturus winked at me. And as the alcoholic breath of the lecturer contributed to my distress, I was forced to withdraw.

"Good old Arcturus!" came faintly to me as I retched in the brush, not caring very much whether I lived or died.

I survived, of course, and through the long hours alternately dozed in transitory warmth and lay shivering in a silence disturbed only by the snoring of the boss and the shrill and eerie music from off behind the buttes. The moon rose along towards morning, Arcturus paling, until in turn both planet and star dissolved in the white light of the risen sun. Stiff and cold and hungry, I got to my feet and inspected the surveyor.

He was breathing heavily and irregularly, a flush on his upturned face, his eyelids parted slightly. Near him I saw the Old Crow bottle. I picked it up and found a drink or two still left in it. About to pour the liquor on the ground, it occurred to me it might warm and cheer me. I tasted it. It was potent and fiery, far from a pleasant drink, but I closed my eyes and swallowed to the last drop. Almost immediately I became brave and warm. The last of my own matches had gone, so now I set about rousing the boss.

At my touch he popped erect like a jack-in-a-box, trembled violently, then stared at me as though I were a stranger. There was a wild look in his eyes that I didn't like. His fingers worked as if they were prehensile claws he'd like to fasten around something. I was afraid of him. I backed off and watched.

Abruptly his staring eyes shifted to his feet. He stiffened.

"Take it away!" he screamed—and I began to sense that I was watching an attack of the "jim-jams."

I backed still farther off, and with pounding heart stood witnessing a battle between a powerful and full-grown man and invisible objects of his own creation. Rats swarmed over him and tore at his flesh. Screaming, he plucked them one by one and hurled them away. I was horror-stricken. I'd heard that men in this condition were dangerous. I grew still more afraid, and when I saw froth on his lips and his bloodshot eyes turned on me, I wheeled and ran off.

An hour of blankness followed. I don't recall which direction I took nor the distance covered, but when the whiskey died in me and utter exhaustion came, I collapsed and lay panting. The sun climbed higher. I rose and pressed wearily on toward the nearest butte. A buzzard sailing in wide circles high above was the only living thing in sight.

The day wore on. I gained the first butte and tramped around its base. Sloping ground met my gaze, and far below lay patches of green and the beginning of a coulée. Water would be found down that way, I reasoned, and stirred my clumsy boots. I thought I could make it in an hour, but when the lowering sun told me the day was about to end, I was still a mile or more away from the mouth of the coulée. I tried to whistle, but though my dry lips puckered, no sound issued. Since morning coffee of the previous day, not a drop of thirst-quenching liquid had cooled my parched throat. It was now afire. My tongue seemed twice its usual size.

(To be continued next week)

Social Credit

(Continued from last week)

ARTICLE XI

By way of review: the three major principles of Social Credit, as outlined by Major Douglas and his associates, are:

The Socialization of Credit; whereby is meant the taking away from private persons and institutions the right to create and control money, and the vesting of this "power over the very life-blood of business and industry from the incubus of an obsolete, inadequate financial system and insuring that money will be used simply as a means of facilitating the orderly and equitable production and distribution of the goods and services the people want and need.

The Just Price; whereby the disparity which, under the present system, must always exist between what industry pays out in wages, salaries and dividends, and what it takes back in prices, would be wiped out through a plan whereunder the retailer would sell goods at a quarter or a third less than their financial cost—with the difference made up to him by the government through the issuance to him of new money based on the increased wealth (goods) which results from the increased production that the increased purchasing power, represented by lower prices, makes possible.

National Dividends for All; which is a means of further supplementing purchasing power, by distributing to everyone his share in the increased wealth (goods) of the country; and, by thus providing everyone with at least enough money to procure the common necessities of life, doing away with the need for such things as old age pensions, unemployment insurance or relief, charity, the dole, and similar clumsy and inept methodss of taking purchasing power from one group and giving it to another group. A means, moreover, which would discourage useless idleness and encourage productive activity by virtue of the fact that the amount of national dividends would rise or fall with the increase or decrease of total production.

The philosophy behind these principles: the philosophy on which social credit is based, is summarized in the following excerpts from Major Douglas' latest book, "Warning Democracy." In the early pages of it he says:

"Very briefly, then, it is our contention that the industrial, international and, to a large extent, the social difficulties with which the world is plagued at the present time do not arise either from anything in the nature of physical scarcity—that is, lack of raw or finished materials, goods or services—or from the administrative relations between employers and employed; or from any lack of what is commonly called goodwill in any of the parties concerned in the actual process of industry.

"Similarly, in a wider field, we say that the danger of international conflict, which is insistent and growing, also does not arise from any desire on the part of the population of the world to fight each other.

"And the constant and somewhat wearisome demand for goodwill and understanding between nations belongs to the same order of sentimentality as those somewhat similar exhortions addressed to those threatened with industrial strife.

"We point, on the one hand, to the half-employed factories, whose one constant preoccupation is to obtain 'orders'; to the farms going out of cultivation because they do not 'pay'; to the shops and stores full of goods which in many cases they cannot sell, to the millions of unemployed and half-employed working people asking to be allowed to make more goods; and, on the other hand, to the millions of people—frequently the same—whose one idea of the better life is that they should be able to obtain more goods, food, clothes, housing and services, which as producers they are allowed to create.

"We say that it should not require intelligence above the ordinary to appreciate that there must be something which stands between the mechanism of production—with its farms, factories, tools, materials and men—and these millions of people whose only desire is to obtain the products which the productive organization could give them if it were allowed.

"Examining the organization by which goods pass from the producer to the consumer, we find that it is the money system, and we naturally suspect the money system as being at fault. In other words, it is not goods which are scarce, it is money, or, more accurately, purchasing power, which is scarce.

"Now, if it were in the nature of things that in some way the quantity of money in the world was fixed by the laws of Nature, our case would be desperate. But we find by technical investigation that it is not so fixed; that the amount of money in the world is almost entirely dependent upon the action of those institutions which we call banks; that, in fact, the banking system can, and does, control the prosperity of every country in the world, and that the banking system is a man-made system controlled by men, and can be altered by men.

". . . The fundamental defect of the existing financial system is that it does not give people enough return for the work that they do, or conversely, they do not get in confident security a standard of life such as they have a right to expect without devoting far too much time and energy to its acquisition. It is my own personal opinion that the undue acquisitiveness of a small section of society very largely arises out of fear, and that by far the best way to reduce it to its normal proportion would be to remove the fear and insecurity in the existing state of affairs by making plain what is undoubtedly the truth: That the modern production system can meet every possible need of society without any stress or strain, if only it is freed from the fetters imposed upon it by the existing financial system.

". . . The Social Credit proposals . . . are not concerned with either the nature or the result of an individual's ideals; their objective is to help man to achieve them.

"As a matter of observation it is clear that on the material plane the possession of money is, as the world is constituted, an essential to the realization of almost any objective. The problem therefore is to provide the greatest number of people with the greatest amount of money they can use effectively, bearing in mind the limitations inherent in the nature of ownership, and at the same time to make sure that in doing so we do not destroy the properties which at present seem to inhere in money.

". . . We all know Mark Twain's story of the man who was imprisoned for 20 years and then walked out, having just discovered the door never had been locked, and some of us think it is funny. Personally, I do not think it funny. I consider it a somewhat boring statement of fact. The world at large is in prison, and shows many symptoms of dying in prison, and there is nothing whatever to prevent it from walking out."

ARTICLE XII

One of the main arguments advanced for the general acceptability of Social Credit is that it is not based on a policy of taking anything away from anybody. Rather, its basic principle is to create enough more of what is necessary—goods or money—so that everyone will have what he needs or wants without depriving anyone else of what he may have.

Emphasizing this point, H. M. Hattersley in his "This Age of Plenty" gives us the illustration of two men out in a rowboat on a lake of pure, fresh water. One of them finds that his supply of drinking water is gone, while his companion still has a gallon-can full.

One way of meeting the situation would be for the man who has the gallon of water to divide with the man whose supply is exhausted. But a better way would be simply to reach over the side of the boat and dip up as much water as both of them require.

In other words, Social Credit is not aimed at expropriating the rich—at forcing those who have more to divide up with those who have less. Neither does it contemplate doing away with the right and enjoyment of private property or the privilege of making a profit from private endeavor.

It recognizes that our whole modern and very efficient production machine has been developed by private initiative and enterprise; and maintains that it is as unnecessary as it would be inadvisable to scrap the whole capitalistic system because the financial part of it is obsolete and inept. "Why cut off a man's head to cure a broken leg?" epitomizes the attitude of the Social Credit leaders in this respect.

They believe, in short, that there is much in capitalism that is valuable and worth saving, and that it can be saved if it is scraped clean of the evils that have attached themselves, limpet-like, to it.

They have no desire and see no necessity to interfere with private property or to destroy the incentive to productive activity that accrues from the opportunity of making a fair profit from useful endeavor.

As Major Douglas points out, there are only two great policies in the world today—inducement and compulsion. One is represented, so far as our present discussion is concerned, by the privilege accorded the individual of making a profit; the other, by the machine gun operated by an all-powerful state. As between the two, the emphatic choice of the Social Credit advocates is the former, which, they readily concede, is far from perfect, but which they assert can be cured of most of its defects, once we address ourselves seriously to the task.

Industry itself is largely all right, they contend; the whole production system, with some minor exceptions, works effectively when permitted to work at all by finance, and is not only able but stands ready to produce plenty for all.

What they do indict unqualifiedly is the rape of industry by unconscionable financiers, a rape made possible by our present financial system; and what they insist on is that this power to ravage and destroy be taken from this handful of men who are self-appointed and answerable to no one, by so altering the financial system as to vest control over money—the "very life-blood of all business and industry"—in the people themselves, by putting it in the hands of the government.

Systems, they hold, were made for men, and not men for systems; and the interest of man—which is self-development—is above all systems: theological, political, and financial.

Hence, if it is found that our production system inures to man's benefit but that our financial system works contrary to his rights and welfare, the former should be preserved and the latter so altered that it, too, will serve mankind.

It is just this which Social Credit proposes to do—to preserve the production system which is perfected to the point where it can serve most abundantly by creating goods in plenty for all; and so to change the financial system that all these needed goods can be distributed to everyone requiring and desiring them.

Thus Social Credit, its leaders urge, is a kind of reform which, being in the interest of mankind, should appeal to all classes, to all political parties, to everyone, everywhere, save, of course, the money-lenders or the handful of financiers controlling the issue of money. And even the latter would not really be harmed. True, they would be stripped of the power they now have over the lives and destinies of millions of men and women; but for this loss they would gain the inestimable advantage of being a part of a world constantly becoming more prosperous and comfortable for all.

Moreover, they would derive the incalculable benefit of living in a much safer world, for it is scarcely possible to enjoy health and power if the great mass of the people are so miserable and restless that they are finally driven to engage in a revolution which imperils the lives even of financiers—who have bodies that can be wounded or killed just as other people's can be.

Social Credit is thus in the real interest of even the financiers.

It is in the interest of the wealthy man of leisure, because it frees him from a burden of taxation rapidly growing intolerable, and at the same time does not interfere with his individual liberty to lead the life he prefers.

It is in the interest of the industrialist, because it assures that at all times he can have readily at home a market for his production, without feverishly scouring the world for new markets, which through the advent of the machine, are rapidly growing scarcer, and the frantic rivalry for which is a perpetual provocation to war.

It is in the interest of the professional man—the doctor, lawyer, teacher, clergyman; the creative worker—the painter, writer, composer, scientist—because the economic security it offers frees him from that kind of activity prejudicial to the fullest development of his skill or talents.

It is most assuredly in the interest of the wage-earner and salaried man of all types, because it is the only plan so far evolved which will, without regimentation of the individual, banish the grim specter of poverty, want, and misery, and permit them to have the necessities and comforts—and even the luxuries—of a world steadily growing richer in all these things.

Our economic freedom, say the votaries of Social Credit, awaits only our willingness to cast off the dead hand of an archaic, inadequate financial system.

The End

MERRIAM CLUB

Local artists and writers are organizing a Merriam-for-Governor Club, headed by August Gay, and including as officials ex-mayor John Catlin and Talbert Josselyn, creator of sport stories. A roster of famous names will be released shortly.

Catlin is scheduled to stump the state for Merriam, dropping his blacksmith's hammer and picking up his old-time eloquence that made him an outstanding figure in earlier-day California politics. He believes that the welfare of his state is more important than his vow upon coming here fifteen years ago never again to enter another political campaign, and like so many other veterans in returning before the public in Merriam's behalf.

REASON VS. ART

Although we have had discussions on the theory of Esthetics dating back into antiquity—the most important contributions being made by Plato and Aristotle—it was not until the year 1750 that Alexander Baumgarten, of Frankfurt, Germany, laid the foundations for the so-called science, and was the first to give it its name. Since that time the catalog of writers devoted to this subject is long and their contributions voluminous. It includes such names as Lessing, Kant, Schiller and Hegel in Germany; Burke, Coleridge and Ruskin in England, and

Moffatt, Sampson and Bascom in America.

The sciences of Esthetics has developed into a treatment of the aspects of art in relation to the beautiful; the function of the arts in general, and a discussion of such topics as the nature of beauty as expressed in art; the classification of the fine arts and the technique in the production of works of art. It is gradually falling into disuses in the art world, for there are marked contradictions by all of these writers as to the true nature of art, though all seem to agree on one of its primary aspects, namely; that the purpose of art is for beauty and the pleasure it gives.

Count Lyof Tolstoy takes the opposite view to all writers on the esthetic side of the subject. He says: "In order to correctly define art, it is necessary, first of all, to cease to consider it as a means to pleasure, and to consider it as one of the conditions of human life. Viewing it in this way, we cannot fail to observe that art is one of the means of intercourse between man and man."

To my mind Count Tolstoy has fathomed its true function, and with him nearly all of the great literary artists themselves agree. For as one of our critics has observed, "No commentator on art has any right to be heard, if he is not aware of the subordinate and temporary nature of his office. His function, at its highest, is merely to guide others to the beautiful object; so soon as he has led his company into its presence, he must fall back in silence. He may, perhaps, suggest 'the line of vision' or fix the point of view from which the intention of the artist may be best appreciated and his central idea understood; but if he seeks to serve the ends of art, he will not attempt to do anything more. He must first recognize the principles which govern art. 'Fine art is not real art till it is free'. Its worth must be recognized as lying wholly within itself. By showing that it gives pleasure or refinement, or moral culture, we only degrade it into mere means and subordinate it to foreign uses which are antagonistic to its perfection as fine art."

It is true, as we shall show later, that certain technique and learning are prerequisite of the production of any great work of art, but the artist, himself succeeds only in proportion to his ability to create unconsciously free of such impediments as perspective, composition, tones, atmosphere and a sense of values.

The world for so long a time has accustomed itself to the idea of beauty and goodness in relation to art that even in our own day they can scarcely be divorced from it. The Greeks used a word synonymous with beauty and goodness; the embodiment of a perfect idea in perfect form. It is true that art is never at its best except when interpreting that which is beautiful and good. But the artists through their different modes of expression do not always reveal the same truths.

We can take it in no other way than by accepting the idea of Tolstoy that art is one of the means of intercourse between man and man. Art occupies the same place in relation to the subjective mind that reason does to the objective. The former through a synthesis in combining all the parts into a harmonious whole and revealing its inner reality. The latter through an analysis by breaking up and dissecting each of its parts, revealing its form through the shows of sense.

We have been told, and we can well believe that the art life of man preceded the birth of reason by untold millions of years. It is certainly true that prior to the dawn of self-consciousness all animal life was controlled by the subjective mind, and we find the art principle manifesting itself long ere the dawn of the self-conscious life. Indeed it was that intense emotional disturbance seething and generating in the life of primitive man which was the environing causes for the birth of reason.

There is a law known to evolutionary science that every faculty has evolved for individual needs at such times as there was a corresponding necessity for the use of such faculty. If this is an ultimate fact beyond which we cannot go, we must conclude that both art and reason are part of the evolutionary process and subject to the same laws of development. The one to see through the shows of sense to the actual reality beyond as revealed in art; the other to control and guide the emotional life through the intellect to a new and higher destiny.

—J. E. MONTAGUE

* *

Major and Mrs. Delmore S. Wood are to spend the winter in the Zanita cottage.

Elect
FRANK OYER
CONSTABLE
Monterey Township

MERRIAM MASS
MEETING
FRIDAY EVENING
AT 8 O'CLOCK
NON-PARTISAN
to be addressed by
THE HONORABLE LOUIS BYINGTON
of San Francisco on
"THE POLITICAL ISSUES OF THE DAY"

Denny-Watrous
Gallery
San Carlos Street just
South of Ocean Avenue

EVERYONE WELCOME

Singing by Fenton
Foster's Glee Club

ADMISSION FREE

A Statement—A Card—An Envelope Corner

Intelligent design coupled with the mechanics of skilled craftsmen can alone create printing profitable to the purchaser

Charmak & Chandler
FINE APPAREL FOR MEN AND YOUNG MEN
Gail L. Chandler ✓ Elmer J. Zanetta
CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA · CALIFORNIA
TELEPHONE 1085-W

DATE

M

Exclusive **TAILORING AND DRESSMAKING**

MRS. ROSE HUTSLER ► TELEPHONE 1086W
LOCATED OVER THE TOWN & COUNTRY SHOP ON
DOLORES STREET NEAR SEVENTH IN CARMEL

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO DESIGN FOR OUT SIZES

EWIG'S GROCERY
POST-OFFICE BOX 1455
CARMEL, CALIFORNIA

Carmel Press, Incorporated

Through the Little Gate on San Carlos near Seventh
Telephone 77 Carmel